A POEM *Occaſion'd by the Happy Diſcovery of the Horrid and Barbarous Conſpiracy to Aſſaſſinate his moſt Sacred Majeſty, and to incourage an Invaſion from* France.

NOW Bleſſings on you all, ye Powers above,
Ye flaming Miniſters of mighty Love;
You whoſe untainted Loyalty withſtood
The fierceſt efforts of th' old Plotting Brood;
Whoſe Hoſt embatled under *Michael*'s Care,
Drove from Heavens fluid Plains the firſt rebellious War.
Once more your guarding Influence we own,
So oft, and now ſo critically ſhown.
And oh! inſpire my Song, your Charge I ſing,
Your darling Charge, to ſhield a Pious King.
Say then how partial Heaven hath been of late,
In ſhowring Bleſſings on our ſinking State?
Did Treachery e'er ſo juſtly claim its aid,
Since that, by which both Devils and Hell were made?
Scarce oftner to the choſen Seed ye went,
With ſuch kind merciful Commiſſions ſent,
They found the Father more in Chaſtiſement.
Midſt *Ægypt*'s Plagues rais'd by the powerful Rod,
And all the great Artillery of God;
Goſhen enjoy'd its light and health, was free
From the dire Plagues, but mourn'd in Slavery.
More bleſt our Iſle, which fruitful Peace hath choſe
The ſafe Retirement of her long repoſe:
Alarm'd by diſtant dangers only, ſhe
Sits ſafe i'th' Conſecrated Circle of her Sea.
Through Deſarts waſt great *Joſhua*'s Journey lay,
Ye march't i'th' Front, and made unnatural day;
A ſecond Darkneſs between *Ægypt*'s Hoſt
And his ye ſpread, in which all tracks were loſt.
Oft for Great *William* you perform the ſame,
And guard him through the dangerous Path of Fame;
Where few dare follow, and where none can aid,
But you, that are of liquid texture made,
As Air invulnerable.
And ſcarcely You could the ſwift Globe divert,
So truly level'd at his noble Heart:
For well ye knew with what impetuous force
The miſſive Death moves in its rapid courſe;

Since when it drove you to a forc'd retreat,
And in God's Cauſe ye endur'd a ſhort defeat;
But ye did ward it, and the tender Blow
Made the nice Miracle much greater ſhow;
The Azure ſilk a nobler colour found,
The deep rich Purple of the Royal Wound.
Unarm'd that day, like Truth, the Monarch ſtood,
His Army pale, He red with Rage and Blood,
Quick through his Troops, as their own Fears, he paſt,
And turn'd thoſe Fears to generous Rage at laſt.
Ye left not oftner your encreaſing Theme
Of *Hallelujahs*, even to ſuccour Him,
Who much for Valour, much for Troubles fam'd,
Long o'er the Jews, a murmuring People reign'd;
Though doubly he th' Almighty's Impreſs wore,
Good after his own Heart, and next to him in Power.
Nor great thoſe dangers which that Prince did run,
Since all *Saul*'s Plots however nicely ſpun,
Scap'd not the watchful Friendſhip of the Son:
That noble Son, who ſcorn'd a Ruffians name,
For his Sire's Crown, or his own future claim.
Yet ne'er did Treachery in *Saul*'s Breaſt appear,
Till Heaven had left it and all Hell was there:
But not even then would he by Proxy kill,
He boldly dar'd to act what he durſt will;
No meaner hand the pointed Javelin threw,
Than that which *Saul* himſelf at *Gilboa* ſlew.
Horrid indeed and new, that great intent,
Which once againſt our Senate-Houſe was meant;
Had not You timely interpos'd your aid,
What a wide *Golgotha* had then been made!
There Stones, Skulls, Rafters, mangled Limbs, would form
The dire ingredients of th' unnatural ſtorm.
Royal and Noble blood had mingled there,
And fall'n a diſmal ſhower through the dark wounded Air.
But then our Iſland fear'd no foreign Chain,
From riſing *France*, or from declining *Spain*.
Now Hell improv'd hath rais'd our danger higher,
Freedom with its Defender muſt expire.
Freedom! by all the Sweets of thy dear Name,
By all thy Charms, ſtronger than thoſe of Fame,
Or Beauty, hear me ſwear; I'd chuſe to live
Obſcure, but bleſt with thy Prerogative,
Rather than ſuffer the grand Monarchs Fate,
And to become ſo Guilty, and ſo Great.

Like *Hannibal*, he on our Coaſt appears,
And who his Faith leſs than the Punick fears?
In whoſe Cauſe e'er the Conqueſt he had won,
The Tyrant had enſlav'd us in his own.
Degenerate Off-ſpring of a Nation free,
Tenacious of its ancient Liberty!
That could that noble Privilege betray,
Though the vaſt Bribe both *Indies* were to pay.
When impious *Corah* did of old rebel,
Alive the Wretch tranſlated was to Hell;
And *Corah*'s be their Fate,
That reeking in a murder'd Monarch's gore,
Could meet their Brother Cut-throats on our ſhore.
If her own Sons, poor *Albion* thus expoſe,
What would ſhe not have felt from foreign Foes?
Who can deſcribe their Miſeries, that at once
Muſt ſuffer under Jeſuits and Dragoons?
Thoſe would our Conſcience, theſe our Bodies ſway,
And even to ſigh, would be to diſobey.
The toiling Slave muſt all his gains disburſe
To the Prieſts tricks, or barbarous Souldiers force.
If any could from wretched *Albion* fly,
No Kingdom could afford him Liberty,
All *Europe* muſt ſubmit to the hard Slavery.
Mild was the Oppreſſion in the Conquering Reigns,
Of *Romans*, *Saxons*, *Normans*, or the *Danes*.
Few Arts they knew deſtructive of Mankind,
By *Rome*, and *France*, and Hell of late refin'd.
What Blood had ſtain'd and ſwell'd the bluſhing *Thames*,
Reflecting gloomily *Auguſta*'s Flames.
The brib'd Artillery too fierce Balls had ſent,
And glowing to aſſiſt the raging Element.
Thus had the great *Emporium* of our Iſle,
Flam'd for its Lord, a mighty Funeral Pile.
What Plague, and Fire, in two years had not done,
Had been perform'd now in two days alone.
Slow Deſolation, and a lingring Fate
Had ſurely ſeiz'd the diſtant parts, though late.
Rapes, Plunders, Contributions, then had been
Throughout the unhappy Iſle, one diſmal Scene.
So 'tis with Men in an acute Diſeaſe,
Whom token'd Plagues, or fiery Fevers ſeize;
Quick as their trembling Pulſe, or panting Breath,
Are the approaches then of ſudden Death.
But when Fate forms a tedious Blockade,
Its Hectick ſteps are by Conſumptions made:

The fleshy Outworks by degrees consume,
And Skeletons receive the Conquerour's doom.
Say next, what dread on your dim Foreheads sate,
When ye beheld so near th' impending Fate.
In slow flat Notes ye mournful Anthems sung,
Harmonious Grief dwelt on each trembling tongue.
Did ye not fear, as Angels can, for Him,
Whom Tyrants dread more than their Subjects them?
For him, who knows no fear, but whose Defence
In War is Valour, in Peace Innocence;
For him, whose shining Sword with constant Pains,
Cuts through the Gordian Knots of servile Chains:
Who's Great, to be more Good in Victory,
He Wounds to heal, and Conquers to set free.
Doubly his hand prevails, when arm'd in War,
In Peace, when lifted up in pious Prayer.
So *Moses* from the Hill both Hosts survey'd
With the same warmth great *Joshua* fought, he pray'd;
Fresh Courage from his Arm each Souldier took,
Faintness his Limbs, and Fear his heart forsook;
The Powers that in those Chiefs divided lay,
United in our King, secure the glorious day.
So Just, so Good, so Brave, to him alone
All such shall be compar'd, himself to none.
This know the Kings, whose truest Characters
Will be our generous Hero's in reverse.
Let then Blasphemous Epithets Proclaim,
The mighty Monarchs loud, but blasted, Fame;
The *Gallic* Muses Trophies raise in vain,
False is th' Applause, their Numbers all prophane.
The subject will require true Poetry,
Where all the nauseous Praise must Fiction be.
Extorted Gold th' Oppressor's Power doth raise,
That purchases his Conquests, and their Praise;
Let breathing stone express the looks divine,
And *Persian* Fires around the Marble shine:
If open War and noble dangers call,
Cold as his Statue sits the Original;
By other hands he gains mean Victories,
And only dares in Person Tyrannize.
Whilst Mighty *William* in a juster Cause,
His Conquering Sword with nobler Anger draws;
And dares the utmost Malice of his Foes,
In the wide Field his Rightful Claim t' oppose.

FINIS.

Publish'd by *Elizabeth Whitlock* near *Stationers-Hall*, 1696.